

SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. XII.—NO. 9.

SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

One Dollar Per Year.

THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE

BY A. CRESSY MORRISON.

"I stopped during one of my trips," said the drummer, "at one of the oldest hotels in New England, for several days. I have often flattered myself that, backed as I am by constantly meeting new faces and the opportunities for reading character, which it is necessary for a fellow on the road to improve, there are few persons who can size a man up more quickly than I. I had noticed several times, during my stay at the hotel, a fine-looking man, who always came into the dining-room just at the close of the dinner hour. He was about 45, with iron-gray hair, dark complexion and very quick and piercing black eyes. He had a queer scar on one cheek; the flesh was torn in three parallel lines, and in healing had left three white marks about half an inch apart and two inches long. I never saw him tip the waiters, nor did I ever see a man receive more obsequious attention from them. He had but to turn his eyes on one of those dukes, and they would fairly jump to show their alert devotion. He had a taste in the selection of his repast, and when that was chosen and placed before him it always looked as if it had been guided by intuition, for it was invariably the best there was in the house.

"One morning I sat opposite him, struggling with a very tough piece of steak, when, with a kindly smile, he said:

"Will you permit me to send for a better steak for you? You notice, perhaps, that I have had some success in obtaining a good one for myself, and he pointed to his juicy bit of tenderloin.

"You may," said I, "for you always have better luck than anyone else."

"He looked up—every waiter was in an instant ready for instructions. Selecting one with his eyes, he simply pointed to my much-mangled steak and quickly resumed his breakfast. He had scarcely done so, when the darky returned, bringing the most delicious piece of meat I have ever seen before or since.

"The next day was Sunday, and after dinner I was wandering aimlessly about, when I espied my friend in the reading room alone. His feet were on a low window-sill, and with his chair tipped back, he was looking thoughtfully into the street. I entered, and taking a seat beside him, fell into conversation. We had chatted some time, when I said:

"You will pardon me, sir. I have some reputation as a physiognomist, and, having noticed your marvelous control over the waiters, I have formed an opinion of your character and vocation which is very complimentary."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," I replied, "and with your permission I will tell you what it is, for I am curious to know if I have reached the right conclusion."

"I would like you to tell me very much," he replied, "for I am always curious to know how I impress strangers."

"Well," said I, "your quick, quiet step, your absolute coolness, your power of enforcing obedience and the strong outline of your nose would indicate the 'general,' but your eye is too quick, and your mouth, with the corners indicating curiosity, tempt me to believe that you are a great traveler."

"I will venture to say you are a hunter who has sought the largest game. Shall I call you an 'Allan Quatermain,' or an explorer who has striven to benefit the world by discovery in Africa?"

"Well done," he answered, "I am neither an 'Allan Quatermain' nor an explorer, but I have been to Africa. I did not go to hunt or find anything more attractive than dyewood. Of course, I met with some animals and became a good shot, but not a hunter, by any means. Stanley told me once that he could trust me alone with a gun if it wasn't loaded, which was his quaint way of admitting that I could defend myself."

"Come," said I, "do you not think that my remarkable guess is worthy of a story of some adventures?"

"I will tell you one."

"Before I begin I want to say that I am much amused at the lion stories I read in the papers. The writers have never seen a tropical landscape, a Zulu, or a wild lion, and yet they describe them all at great length, and the papers devote their space to them. I admit they are sometimes very cleverly written, and will do very well for those who do not know where they are at fault, but how can they describe correctly what they have never experienced? I give those writers credit for a marvellously vivid imagination. I will tell you one of my experiences, and you will see that it takes a man who has been there to get the true ring out of even a slight allusion."

"I had penetrated farther than usual that year, and having met with much success was on my way to the coast, when one day we came unexpectedly upon a Zulu village. The people were in great excitement, and impelled by curiosity, (indicated by the turned corner of his mouth, thought I), I moved my boat under a bluff and sent one of my men to ascertain the cause. I learned that this community was about to go to war with a neighboring tribe, and were making ready to sacrifice two children to some spirit whom they wished to aid them in the conquest. Two lions had been prowling around for a day or so, and the chiefs declared that they had been sent to receive the sacrifices as a token of the loyalty of the tribe to their god of war. I determined to prevent such a horrible proceeding if possible. I decided to act alone. I ordered my men to hold the boats in readiness to move at any moment, and at dusk set out on my perilous expedition.

"The Zulus had formed a sort of procession, and were marching toward a clump of trees about 500 yards inland, where they proposed to leave the children to be devoured. I was armed with my repeating rifle, a very fine weapon of 48 caliber, a cutlass, and a very long and strong Zulu spear. Skirting the wood with great caution, I was rapidly approaching the trees when the procession had now arrived, when I found I must make a long detour to avoid a swampy mud hole, into which I came very near falling. When I succeeded in reaching the spot where the children had been left it was very dark, and the Zulus had gone. The poor little things were tied to a tree, which stood apart from the clump about 25 feet. They were a boy and a girl. The boy was gagged, and the poor little girl was in a dead faint from fright. I was about to cut them loose, when a thundering roar, so near that the ground trembled, made me clutch my spear in horrified surprise. I dared not fire my heavy rifle, except as a last resort, for the report would surely bring the Zulus. I looked toward the bush and saw two eyes, which glowed ominously in the darkness. I placed my spear against the tree, and holding the point in the direction from which the lion must spring, I awaited the attack.

"I had evidently saw the point of the spear, for he moved uneasily from side to side, as if seeking a chance to jump by it. I followed his motions, till, with an angry snarl, he sat upon his haunches, thus showing his intention to jump over it. For a moment he was motionless, and then, good heaven! he came. As he went into the air, I moved the spear quickly under him. He came down upon it, breaking it in an instant. His great paw struck me—he put his finger on the queer scar on my cheek—

"I fell with awful force against the little girl. The lion lay motionless, for the spear had entered his heart.

"I, with some difficulty, extricated myself from under his heavy body, which lay across my legs. I found the girl stone dead, but the boy was unhurt, and I could see by his staring eyes, which showed white even in that darkness, that he appreciated his terrible position.

"I cut him loose, but left the gag in his mouth, for fear he might cry out. I placed the little fellow on my back and set out for the boats. When I reached the edge of the mud hole, I heard the bushes crackling and knew at once I must face a new danger, and a second groan told me it was the other lion. I hastened on, and had just reached a narrow strip of dry clay between the bushes and the mud hole, when I saw the tell-tale eyes. I got as near the edge of the slimy swamp as possible, and began to have some hopes of escape, when she sprang at me with terrible force. I sprang down and toward her, hoping she would jump over me. She did, and not striking me as she expected, she hit her nose on the hard ground, and turning a completed somersault, fell upon her back into the mud hole. In an instant I dealt her a blow with my cutlass, which added to her confusion. I struck her again, but she dashed the weapon from my hand, and turning over, began to struggle through the soft mud. I knew she would be out and upon me in an instant. I had no recourse but to use my rifle. I took a quick aim, fired, and she fell dead, but whether from the shot or the tremendous blow I had dealt her with the cutlass, I could not say.

"I picked up the boy, who had fallen in the struggle, and fairly ran toward the boats. I could, however, make but slow progress in the darkness, and besides my wounded face caused me great agony. I had almost reached them, when a tall Zulu loomed up in my path, and the moment he saw the boy he sprang before me. There was no time for hesitation now. I raised my rifle and fired. He gave a frightful yell, and in a moment I found I was pursued. I rushed on and down the bank, just as the foremost Zulu reached the top. I sprang into the boat, which was pushed off at once, and amid a shower of spears we made our escape. I left the boy at a village where I knew he would be well treated, and soon returned to America."

"Having finished his remarkable story, my friend exhaled himself and went upstairs.

"I went to the hotel clerk and asked: 'What is that gentleman's name?' 'Smith,' he replied.

"Who is he?"

"He is the steward of the house," was the answer.

"But he has been a great traveler, has he not?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he came here a green country boy 25 years ago and has not been away a week since."

"How did he get that scar?" I queried.

"I had a 'scrapping match' with a cook, and the fellow up with a three-tined meat fork and hit him a clip. He is a queer genius," the clerk continued; "people always try to size him up, and no matter what they guess he is, he gives them some yarn to fit the occasion."

"Give me the key to 66 and send up two pitchers of ice water at once, please."

"Look here," said the clerk, "what do you want with two pitchers of ice water at four o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I am going upstairs to seek my head," I growled; and up I went, madder than a hornet, with the clerk's merry laugh jangling in my ears.—N. Y. Ledger.

"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not eat my carves away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Another.

BOTHERS THE YANKEES.

Spanish Pronunciation Proves Puzzling to a Party of Chicagoans.

Five Chicagoans arrived at Albuquerque, N. M., one day late in August. They were taken in charge by Frank Blake, a Chicago boy, who has lived in the west for some years, and were soon shown all the sights of the quaint old town. As they walked along the principal street Mr. Jamison looked up at a building and remarked: "El Jornado hotel; nice building."

"Yes," said Blake. "But you must pronounce it right. It is El Hornada in the Spanish tongue. J is always H out here."

"That so?" answered Jamison. "Funny custom. What's this church here?—the Cathedral of San Juan?"

"San Juan," corrected Blake. Mr. Jamison looked puzzled, but accepted the correction. A moment later he broke out again. "What's this? La Jolia?"

"La Holla," spoke the ready mentor by his side, and Jamison's eyes began to roll. "So it went through the whole town. Blake corrected Jamison at every turn. When they all got back to the hotel Jamison had a strange, drawn expression on his face, but nobody paid much attention to him. He went into the dining-room and called a waiter.

"Bring me," said Mr. Jamison, in slow, measured accents, "some friends-seed back-rabbit, with apple holly, and let me have a mint hulep before the meat, please."

The waiter stared at him and somebody at the next table snickered. That was the last straw. The Chicago man sprang to his feet ablaze with indignation.

"By hings," he thundered, "what infernal backass dares criticize my Spanish hargon? By the great humping Hudas, I'm Him Jamison of Hackson boulevard, and I'll give some of you fellows a swift holt in the haw in about four seconds! Oh, yes, I suppose you think this is a higitant hoke, but I don't. You're having hols of hoy with me, but I'll come over there and hoin in this hortal hambore in about half a huffy if you don't quit your hoshia!"

"I'm no hay, and I don't come from New Jersey. If my friend Horge Hears of the Marquette club, was here we'd do some hugging with you hachals, and don't you forget it!"

Here the waiters and the rest of the Chicago delegation dragged Mr. Jamison away. He recovered under careful nursing, but made all haste to get out of New Mexico as soon as he could catch a train.—Albuquerque (N. M.) News.

FLORIDA SWAMP COBBO.

Guests Were Excusable in Thinking the Hotel Was on Fire.

I had just reached the door of my room in a North Carolina hotel, at midnight, when a woman stepped out of the room adjacent and quietly asked: "Do you belong to the hotel?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are there many people here to-night?"

"It is crowded."

"And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire. I have known it for ten minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

"Are you sure, ma'am?" I asked.

"Entirely sure, sir. I smelled that smoke while in bed. You go quietly down and tell the clerk, and I will knock on all the doors on this floor."

She was wonderfully cool and collected, and I never thought of doubting her assertion. Going down by the stairs, I beckoned the clerk aside and told him of the fire. He went to the elevator with me and ascended to the third floor, where he found about 20 half-dressed people in the halls. The woman who had given me the orders came up and said:

"Come this way. I don't think the fire has much of a start yet."

We followed her to her room and began to sniff and sniff. There was certainly a strong odor of something burning, but the clerk had taken only one sniff when he went out and rapped on the next door.

"Hello!" called a voice.

"Are you smoking?"

"Smoking Florida tobacco?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Nothing. Ma'am, you can go back to bed. Much obliged to you for your sagacity and wit, but both are a little too keen this time. The stinky old cuss in that room is smoking swamp tobacco, and it always smells like a fire rating its way under a pine floor."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Catching Whales by Nets.

In New Zealand, where the old-fashioned methods in use in most other whale fisheries have been abandoned in favor of nets, which are now used for the capture of those waters of these leviathans of the sea, the nets are made of two-inch manilla rope and are so constructed that galvanized iron rings take the place of the knots in the ordinary nets. The mesh is a six-foot one, and the ropes forming it are spliced into the rings. The nets are made in six sections, each ten fathoms square, with two ten-gallon barrels as floats to each section. When setting the net the sections are joined together with line just strong enough to bear the ordinary strain to which they are liable to be subjected, so that when a whale gets meshed he tears away the section in which he is fast. While he is trying to get rid of the net the whaleboats, which are always waiting, dart alongside and harpoon him.—London Tit-Bits.

FAMOUS SCOTCH REGIMENTS.

They Are Known at Home by a Long List of Nicknames.

The brigade of Foot Guards of the British army do not like to be called "The Chuecke Chueks," but for stealing hens and ducks in Dublin the yearling of the First Royal Scots (Lothian regiment) glory in the name of "Pon-tious Pilate's Body Guards," for they are the oldest regiment in the army. But I would not like to enter the sergeant's mess of the 21st Royal Scots fusiliers and ask them if they were "The Glencoe Butchers," such, however, is the nickname of the fine regiment, for their records show that they were in the vicinity of the Glen during that cruel and cowardly affair.

The 55th king's own "Scotts Borders" are known in the Highland regiments as "Cumberland's Royal Stand-backs." This was the regiment that the Clan Cameron gave such a cutting up at Cul-loden. They were then called "Semple's regiment." The Camerons slew 128 of them. That was terrible war, seeing that they received the charge of the Camerons four deep, front rank kneeling.

The Ninth Norfolk regiment delights in being called "The Ninth Holy-boys." They have carried that name since the days of Wellington. The way they came by it was because they sold their Bibles in Spain for wine.

I stated in a former letter of how the gallant "42" got the name of "The Bricks." The 50th regiment are known all over the army as "The Blind Half-Hundred." They certainly deserve the name, for they charged a stone wall, taking it for a column of the French. Since 1869 the famous 71st Highland light infantry have been known as "The Glasgow Keelies," and, in Ireland, their sister regiment, the 74th Highlanders, are called "The Limerick Butchers." During the troubles of 1869-70 they were ordered to charge the wall, which was pelted stones, etc., into their ranks. The order was quickly obeyed, and many of the rioters received a touch of their bayonets; hence the nickname.

The 25th Gloucestershire regiment got the name of "The Old Brags." This is the regiment that wear their regimental number in front and in rear of their helmet. At Quatre Bras they were attacked in a field of corn by the Polish lancers. The rear rank turned about, so that they showed and fought with two fronts. In after years they used to brag about this plucky affair and the honor they gained; so they are still "The Old Brags."

The gallant old 79th Cameron Highlanders are known since 1871 as "Queen Victoria's Own Own," and the 91st Argyles are sometimes called "Andy Campbell's Bairs." Out of Scotland they are termed "The Lord God of the Highlands' Own Highlanders." When they were the treads (Campbell tartan) they were called "John Duke's Half-dressed Highlanders." The 92d Gordon Highlanders are known in every part of the army as "The Day and Gal."

Broken from the large southerly barrier or arches resembling the mountain peaks which surround the glaciers from which they were torn, the Antarctic icebergs are solid masses of floating ice, with perpendicular walls, and an unbroken plateau on the top.

All showed plain whether they were broken from the large southerly barrier or discharged from the glaciers of Victoria Land. All the barrier bergs had very distinct blue lines across their walls, indicating the annual growth by snowfall. These lines were, of course, not to be found on the glacier ice. The latter also showed more likeness to the northern ice than did the former. The peaks and towers of the Arctic icebergs are supposed to be formed by the influence of ocean currents wearing away the softer part of the ice-mass under water, until the natural law of gravitation forces it to upset.

But why have the Antarctic icebergs a different appearance? It is certain that in the Antarctic waters there are also currents. Yet even icebergs that have gone as far north as the south of New Zealand have all maintained the marks of their Antarctic origin. I cannot see any other reason for this dissimilarity between the bergs of the north and those of the south but that the Arctic icebergs, as a rule, must pass through climates which in temperature rapidly change from one extreme to another, and the icebergs take much longer time in floating southward than do the Antarctic icebergs in advancing northward, and thus, as a rule, the northern icebergs exist much longer than those of the Antarctic.—E. Borchgrevink, in Century.

A Dead Pueblo City.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheater, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white 100 feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft gray-brown, and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock met at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of the cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, receding one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly said to be their peculiar condition.—N. Y. Ledger.

Chinese Fear of a Census.

Even so simple a governmental act as taking a census awakens in the minds of the people suspicions that some other end is in view. Mr. Smith cites a case, known to him, in which the younger of two brothers concluded that taking a census meant compulsory emigration, and if that were so he must go; therefore, rather than take a long journey—which, he it noticed, was an entirely gratuitous supposition on his part—he committed suicide, "thus checkingmate the government!"—Prof. C. M. Cady, in Century.

All the rivers which flow into the Arctic ocean are frozen solid to the bottom during about six months in every year.

PITH AND POINT.

—Corroborative Evidence.—

"They say there are fewer persons dying this winter than usual." "Yes, I know lots and lots of people who haven't died at all."—Chicago Record.

—Same Thing.—Inquirer—"Do you think that journalistic fiction is a good preparation for writing fiction?" Editor—"On the sensational papers it is. Journalistic work there is mostly fiction."—Exchange.

"You're a crank and a theater duet!" shouted the force-looking man in the slouch hat. "That's what you are! You're a dandified prig!" "I'm a potato masher, am I!" roared the other, lunging at him.—Chicago Tribune.

—Waiter's Perilous Duty.—"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust in his face. "Why?" "Why? Why, because they insist on my eating mushrooms before the customers, to show them they're not toad-stools!"—Toledo Bee.

—Miss Nurse's.—"I'm so afraid, doctor, that something will happen and that I may be buried alive." Dr. Pylis—"Nonsense! You need not fear anything like that. You take the medicine I gave you and you need no longer be afraid of being buried alive. That is something that never happened to my patients."—Harper's Bazar.

TWO DEAD MEN.

The man upon the bicycle. The man upon his feet. Colidge, and quickly both of them lie down upon the street. The man upon his feet has gone. Unto rest eternal! The man who scroached is scroaching yet in the regions called infernal.

—Mrs. Querrel sat looking into a little bit. "What are you chuckling at?" kindly inquired Mr. Querrel. "I was thinking of the time when you were the greatest sport, how you would throw the hand into the ball and pull out all of the cotton with one lick, not waiting to see whether any was left in the ball or not, always having in mind to strike but one lick at the ball, and as soon as that is done to strike at another ball. I have, in five minutes, taught a hand to pick 100 pounds more of cotton per day than he had picked on the previous day, and from that point he will continue to improve. The greatest efficiency I have obtained in hands picking cotton was 700 pounds—equal to three good bags a week.

"Some men are generals, some mechanics, some orators, some farmers; some adapted to one profession and some to another; but the great mass of men have to read, study and practice to become efficient. In any calling they may select, and if they apply themselves faithfully, and do not rise above mediocrity, they should quit that business and try some other. Whatever has been accomplished by man, can be done again, and ought to be done better, with all the accumulated knowledge of the past before us."

"What is a book-farming? It does not mean to take a book in your hand and go to the field; but it means you should read and study everything that you can possibly bring to bear on farming, and store it away in your head. But be sure to master the subject, and learn the true plan. This is the science of agriculture. Study had practice as well as good, and learn of the latter the errors, that you may avoid them. Read books until you become so perfect in theory and the use of tools and manner, that you will have confidence and the nerve to act, and at once, not lose time running about to your neighbors to see when to do a thing and how to do it.

"Book-farming means for the farmer just what book-learning does for the physician. The medical student must read all the books and attend all the lectures and the dissecting room until he can pass, then take his medicine and instruments, go out to practice and test his knowledge. So with book-farming. You must read and study not only agricultural books, but all books that would apply in any way to that profession."—Southern Cultivator.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

The Course Successfully Pursued at the Georgia Experiment Station.

At the Georgia experiment station the following system has been pursued with substantially beneficial results: The corn land of the previous year is sown in oats, fertilizing with a highly-ammoniated fertilizer. The oats, when cut, are followed immediately by cow peas, in the drill or broadcast, giving about 200 pounds acid phosphate and 100 pounds kainit to the acre. The peas are cut for hay, or a part may be plowed, or, if preferred, all pastured. Just before, or soon after, a killing frost, the pea stubble is turned under with a two-horse plow. In the spring this is fertilized and planted in cotton, and the following year this cotton land should be put in corn. By this plan one-third of the land for the main crops is each year devoted to small grain and peas, one-third to cotton, one-third to corn. The smaller crops—that is, potatoes, forage crops, vegetables, melons, orchards, etc.—should together occupy a space about equal to one of the main crops. Practically a farm of 100 acres should be divided about as follows: Small grain and peas, 20 acres; cotton, 20 acres; corn, 20 acres; permanent pasture, 20 acres; minor crops, that is, orchards, vineyards, truck, garden and forage, peanuts, potatoes, melons, chufas, etc., 20 acres.

Immediately connected with the proper order in which the different crops should follow each other, is the area to be allotted to each. The prosperity and comparative independence of the generally of farmers at this date, is largely due to their conservative stand on this question the past year. Throughout the south, except rare instances, barns and storerooms of well-filled, and though the price of cotton has been somewhat disappointing, considering the short crop, the

FARMER AND PLANTER.

COTTON PLANTING.

An Industry That is of Constantly Increasing Importance, Which Must Be Met by Intelligent Effort.

With each recurring year the cotton-plant increases in value. The thoughtful farmer is casting about for the best plan to reduce the cost of its production county. One of the most effective plans is the intensive system of farming. Under this system, well authenticated yields per acre in Georgia of seed-cotton are reported, of 6,917 pounds in Washington; 4,594 pounds in Troup; 4,500 pounds in Burke and Carroll; 4,000 pounds in Crawford; 3,800 pounds in Bulloch; 2,700 pounds in Brooks and Clay; 2,300 pounds in Coweta and De Kalb, ranging from one and a half bales to five bales, of 450 pounds each, per acre.

There are other possible lines of improvement in reducing the cost of growing cotton and getting it ready for market. We avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded at a time between the season for picking and the season for planting cotton to suggest that much time may be economized in the picking of cotton by arranging for its being done rapidly and skillfully. Plant with an eye to this end. David Dickson, of Hancock county, Ga., a successful farmer, regarded cotton picking as an art. In his "System of Farming" he remarks:

"No system can prosper without teaching all the operatives and laborers to be experts, whether agricultural or manufacturing, or anything that is done requiring labor. The first thing to do, in regard to any of the operations of labor, is to teach the laborers how to do it; the next thing, to do it with more ease and efficiency, and to learn to do better and better work every day. For instance, take a boll of cotton. They must be taught, with the greatest speed, how to throw the hand into the boll and pull out all of the cotton with one lick, not waiting to see whether any was left in the boll or not, always having in mind to strike but one lick at the boll, and as soon as that is done to strike at another boll. I have, in five minutes, taught a hand to pick 100 pounds more of cotton per day than he had picked on the previous day, and from that point he will continue to improve. The greatest efficiency I have obtained in hands picking cotton was 700 pounds—equal to three good bags a week.

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HERE AND THERE.

—Wood ashes and ground bones applied as a top dressing to orchards develop the fruit buds and growth of fruit. Stable manure promotes the growth of the tree.

—Beekeepers should see to it that the colonies of bees have plenty of unsealed stores while brood rearing is going on, and they will never suffer from loss of bees by paralysis.

—The cassava, a plant of the holly family, known in North Carolina as yapon or yaupon, is identical with mate of Paraguay, and makes a tea that is generally esteemed by those who use it.

—The department of agriculture shows that it costs \$9,000,000 to carry the products of the farm to market every year. Two-thirds of this sum, it is claimed, could be saved by improved roads.

—As a means of lessening want and curing hard times, one of the greatest necessities of the times is more and better farmers, coupled with the transfer of the surplus labor of towns and cities to the farm.

—The health of the herd and the quality of the pork are two factors in the business of pork raising that the intelligent feeder never overlooks. The day has passed and gone for attempting to grow and fatten hogs on corn alone.

—To have eggs in winter, feed animal and vegetable matter and some grain. A pound of meat a day is sufficient for a dozen hens, any kind, rabbits, squirrels, etc. Give them a soft, warm mess in the morning, whole grain at noon and in the evening.

—A mature sow in good condition will raise a litter of pigs, five or six in number, that will be worth more to feed or breed than two large litters from a young, lean, half starved sow. Therefore do not ask her to suckle a litter until she is at least sixteen months old.

—Sweet milk is a complete ration for egg production, and should be given daily. To have well-flavored eggs, the hens must have clean food, pure water and be kept clean. A warm, dry house, exercise, clean food, pure water, sharp grit and cleanliness will increase the egg-production and give healthy fowls.

majority of farmers are in condition to start out on another year's work with the sleeves of war well supplied.—Dixie Farmer.

THE DRUGGIST'S SIDE.

His Business is Not So Profitable as Supposed.

The druggist came back of the screen to the prescription counter with a sigh. "Did you hear that klick?" he asked, relighting the cigar he had placed on the counter when the customer came in. "He said 60 cents was too much to charge for that prescription. Told me it was a ill profit. Now, what in thunder does he know about it? His doctor wrote out a prescription, and I made it up and charged him 60 cents for it. As a matter of fact, he was just 15 cents gross profit in that prescription. But, great Scott! there is something else than medicine to be considered. There is the rent of the store, the gas and electric light bills, the clerk hire and all the other expenses. A druggist has got to mix heaps of medicines to pay the expenses of running a drug store, for the average cost of a prescription is about 40 cents. There are lots of 10, 20 and 30-cent prescriptions compounded.

"A man comes in and buys a bottle of patent medicine," continued the druggist. "He pays \$1 for it and I make gross just 25 cents. He klicks because the medicine cost \$1. Well, it will last him perhaps two months or maybe a year. He pays \$1 for a roast of beef and eats it up in two meals, yet he doesn't klick. He pays \$1.50 for a theater seat and sits there two hours, but he has no klick coming. There is a woman now who buys postage stamps, cost price and no profit; hear her klick. And, sure enough, she did. She wanted four one-cent stamps, and the druggist only had the two-cent brand.

"I don't see why you don't buy some one-cent stamps," said she in a tone which betrayed a sense of injustice. "I have been here